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35,000 copies of the "Great Boer War," by A. Conan Doyle, have been sold in England. Two editions have been exhausted in this country and the sale is rapidly increasing.

The original copy of "Lincoln: His Book," published in facsimile by McClure, Phillips & Co., has been acquired by Colonel William H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, who has the largest collection of Lincolniana in existence.

Reviews of "The Trust Problem," by Prof. Jenks, have been made in French, German, Austrian, English, Italian, Spanish, Australian, and Chinese papers. The publishers, McClure, Phillips & Co., will go to press shortly with the fourth edition.

In his recent report, President Schurman, of the Philippine Commission, called "Noli Me Tangere" the Bible of the Filipinos, and its author, Dr. Jose Rizal, the greatest Filipino who ever lived. "Noli Me Tangere" has been translated into English under the title, "An Eagle Flight," and is published by McClure, Phillips & Co.

Among the early February publications will be Ida M. Tarbell's "Napoleon and Josephine," a new and revised edition of her "Napoleon," which reached a sale of nearly 100,000 copies. The same elaborate illustrations will be preserved in the forthcoming edition, which has been supplemented and enlarged through the addition of a sympathetic sketch of Josephine.

Within a week McClure, Phillips & Co. will publish "The Encyclopedia of Etiquette," compiled by Emily Holt, which is said to cover the entire subject of what to do, what to say, what to write, what to wear. The volume is illustrated by reproductions of specially posed photographs, and is claimed to be the most complete book of manners for every-day use ever published.

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FREDERIC MYERS.

For some unaccountable reason, the American press has ignored the death of Frederic Myers, which occurred as long ago as the seventeenth of last month. We saw no reference to it at the time, and it was not until the arrival of the English journals dated January 26 that we were made aware of the grievous loss sustained by English literature in this death. While in no sense a popular writer, Mr. Myers had a considerable following among readers of

choice intelligence, and these, at least, will feel that a score of notorieties might have been better spared than this graceful poet and accomplished essayist. The loss to our letters of the living personality of Mr. Myers is of much the same weight as was the loss of Walter Pater, and will be felt by much the same class of readers. He was one of the few men of our time who had mastered the literary species which we call the essay, and had vindicated its right to be considered one of the forms of creative literature. His "Virgil," his "Greek Oracles," his "Mazzini," and his "Tennyson as Prophet," are hardly surpassed in all the range of our modern essay-writing; they belong in the same category with the best essays of Arnold and Newman and Pater; they are productions to be read and reread in the spirit with which we read the great masterpieces of verse, and they provide for us a similar quality of delight. A few of these essays constitute the chief claim of Mr. Myers upon our affections; but it must not be forgotten that he has also given us, in his life of Wordsworth, one of the best of critical biographies, and in his "St. Paul," one of the most spiritual of our extended poems.

Frederic William Henry Myers was born in the Wordsworth country, at Keswick, February 6, 1843. His College was Trinity of Cambridge, where he remained for some years after taking his degree, both as fellow and as examiner for the Moral Science Tripos. Like Arnold, he was for many years an Inspector of Schools, but Cambridge continued to be his home for the rest of his life. It was here that his literary work was done, and that he gathered about his home many of the choicest spirits of his time, attracted, in the words of the "Athenæum" memorial, by "one whose width of scientific interest and intensity of temperament were completed by a memory and a gift of exposition which was Platonic in its wealth of illustration and subtlety of humor, its magnificence and its mysticism." Leaving England, under doctor's orders, last December, he went with his family to the Riviera, and then proceeded to Rome to join his friend Professor William James. It was in Rome that he died, in the "city of the soul" that he had known so well in his earlier years, and

which had furnished inspiration for some of his finest verses.

The books of Frederic Myers are few in number; half a dozen titles practically make out the list. There are the two volumes of poems, "St. Paul" and "The Renewal of Youth," there is the study of Wordsworth in the "English Men of Letters" series, and there are the three miscellaneous volumes called "Essays Classical," "Essays Modern," and "Science and a Future Life." But these six volumes belong to English literature, for they are among the sources of spiritual refreshment that the future will not quickly neglect. Perhaps mention should also be made of the share taken by Mr. Myers in the work called "Phantasms of the Living" but it is not for such work that he will be remembered, and, however imperative seemed to him the personal call to enlist in this will o' the wisp pursuit, it must be admitted by candid observers that the psychical research activities of his later years resulted in a loss to literature with no corresponding gain to science. Few men of our time have seen with such clearness the eternal verities of beauty and conduct; few have expressed them with such eloquence or with so convincing an appeal to the highest idealism of which human nature is capable. That his superb powers should have been diverted into the field of unprofitable speculation, and have undertaken a task which was manifestly unworthy of them, is a circumstance that must always be regrettable.

The best of the essays of this writer are almost matchless in their effectiveness of construction and their beauty of expression. When in full sympathy with his theme, he has the power to impart both his thought and his emotion to the reader so fully that they become a permanent possession. The elements of this power almost elude analysis, yet we may easily distinguish such features as the charm of the writer's cadence, his felicitous use of quotation, and the cumulative effect produced by his skilful marshalling of illustrative material. An extract from the "Virgil" will help to make clear our meaning. After making a series of references to particular Virgilian verses pregnant with emotional associations, he goes on:

"But there is not at any rate need to prove the estimation in which Virgil has been held in the past. The force of that tradition would only be weakened by specification. 'The chastest poet,' in Bacon's words, 'and royalest, Virgilius Maro, that to the memory of man is known,' has lacked in no age until our own the concordant testimony of the civilized world. No poet has lain so close to so many hearts; no words so often

as his have sprung to men's lips in moments of excitement and self-revelation, from the one fierce line retained and chanted by the untameable boy who was to be Emperor of Rome, to the impassioned prophecy of the great English statesman as he pleaded till morning's light for the freedom of a continent of slaves. And those who have followed by more secret ways the influence which these utterances have exercised on mankind know well, perhaps themselves have shared, the mass of emotion which has slowly gathered round certain lines of Virgil's as it has round certain texts of the Bible, till they come to us charged with more than an individual passion and with a meaning wider than their own — with the cry of the despair of all generations, with the yearning of all loves unappeased, with the anguish of all partings, 'beneath the pressure of separate eternities.'"

Such prose as this is an achievement no less remarkable than is poetry of a very high order, and patches of this royal purple are not infrequent in the text of the three volumes of essays.

The wanderings of Mr. Myers in the morass of psychical research resulted from a passionate desire to secure to other men rational grounds for the resting of their fundamental religious beliefs. His own faith, of the transcendental sort that feels no need of corroborative evidence, was voiced in these stanzas from "St. Paul":

"Whoso has felt the Spirit of the Highest
Cannot confound nor doubt Him nor deny;
Yea, with one voice, O world, though thou deniest,
Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.
"Rather the earth shall doubt when her retrieving
Pours in the rain and rushes from the sod,
Rather than he for whom the great conceiving
Stirs in his soul to quicken into God."

But this inward illumination does not come to the many, who stand sadly in need of a more material justification for their faith. This was the thought that impelled Mr. Myers to sift the accumulations of popular superstition, thinking perchance to find therein the grain of truth so deeply longed for by mankind. This it was that made him find, as in the Messianic Eclogue of Virgil, a truly prophetic utterance in these Tennysonian lines:

"And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet
No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore
Await the last and largest sense to make
The phantom walls of this illusion fade
And show us that the world is wholly fair."

This it was that made him end his essay on "Tennyson as Prophet" in the following unforgettable strain:

"If indeed the Cosmos make for good, and evolution be a moral as well as a material law, will men in time avail to prove it? For then they will look back on Tennyson as no belated dreamer, but as a leader who in the darkest hour of the world's thought would not despair of the destiny of man. They will look back on him as Romans looked back on that unshakable Roman who purchased at its full price the field of Cannæ, on which at that hour victorious Hannibal lay encamped with his Carthaginian host."

MESSAGES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY POETS.

Perspective is a prime essential of true vision. One merely conjures with the future when, at the completion of the nineteenth century, he essays definite prediction regarding the ultimate place of its authors, either in specific rank or in comparative services to the world's literature. Moreover, such valuations often change with the needs and moods of successive generations. One age gives exclusive laurels to Socrates, Dante, Shakespeare, and Addison. The next, with equal fervor, urges the rival claims of Plato, Petrarch, Bacon, and Samuel Johnson. Poetry, no less than other forms of literature during the last hundred years, has had an unprecedented list of aspirants for the Hall of Fame. Possibly a later generation of readers, in the reaction from the hurtling haste of present life, may find some true "life of the spirit" among the submerged, as well as the popular, poets of the past cycle.

In every century and nation, there have been poets of evanescent charm versus poets with permanent message. The former may excel in beauties of form, but they fail to win that lasting, reverential memory which signalizes the "vates," or prophet-poet. Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Goethe, — each had a mission and a message not alone to the ear but also to the soul of his century. Eliminating all question of rank, we recognize certain prophecies, fulfilled or potential, spoken by the representative poets in England and America during the last century.

Critics have noted that the period at the meeting of centuries, arbitrary rather than logical in division of time, is often marked by unrest, contradiction, and transition. Whether such symptoms are psychologic or pathologic, it is not our part to discuss. The Revolutionary movement, the last in the great triad of progressive world-forces, germinated in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and culminated in the eighteenth. Its frenzied aftermath in France, seeming to presage the overthrow of all new-established ideals of liberty and faith, produced the gloom and vacillation which ushered in the nineteenth century. Senancour, Lamartine, and Chateaubriand in France, Byron, Wordsworth, and Coleridge in England, mirrored the hope, quenched by despair, on this final battle-ground of the old and new political principles. The constitutional reforms in England, which for more than a century had doomed absolutism, had found recognition and prophecy of yet greater advance in the earlier prophet-poets, Cowper, Blake, and Burns, who was emboldened to proclaim, —

"But while we sing 'God save the King,'
We'll ne'er forget the People."

As the decades passed, with the surety that, despite the transitory horrors of its progress, political liberty had become a fixed world-principle, the English poets uttered their triumphant message of democ-

racy. The earlier group found it almost impossible to reconcile the lofty concepts of freedom and progress with the social and religious anarchism rife during the final contention, yet they never relinquished their ideals. Amid the desperate scepticism of "Childe Harold" and "Giaour," one clear note sounded:

"Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding sire to son,
Though battled oft, is ever won."

The boyish unrestraint of Shelley's "Ode to Liberty" became softened into the calmer though vague hope of "Prometheus Unbound" and "The Cenci." Readers are familiar with the successive stages of Wordsworth's poetic self-revelations, from the early hey-day of enthusiasm, followed by havoc of hopes and beliefs, to the gradual attainment of a sane, steadfast faith in ultimate freedom from all material and spiritual shackles. The life-story repeats itself from "The Prelude" and early sonnets to "Tintern Abbey" and "The Excursion."

Democracy has not been a stable institution but a progressive movement. Overthrow of political despotism was only an advance stage in its inception. Tennyson, the true exponent of the pulse of the last half-century, embodied this thought in the dedicatory stanzas "To the Queen":

"And statesmen at her councils met
Who knew the seasons when to take
Occasion by the hand and make
The bounds of freedom wider yet

"By shaping some august decree
Which kept her throne unshaken still,
Broad-based upon her people's will,
And compassed by the inviolate sea."

The democracy of these later decades, ever tending toward socialism and suggesting the abolition of constitutional monarchy and republic alike, is reflected in the songs and visions by Swinburne, William Morris, and their disciples, but their true services to the poetry of the age will be noted later in a different message.

Democracy was the fountal principle of the life of America, and her poetry could not fail to portray its emanation. The noble hymns of Emerson, the virile war-songs of Whittier, Lowell's famous satire and his later Commemoration odes, can never be overlooked in a review of the poetry which interprets the vital issues of the century. The term, "Poet of Democracy," has been accepted as the especial cognomen of that American author whose poetry is open to constant challenge, but his democracy, — never. Whitman's message is bold, sometimes blatant, yet vibrant with courage and elemental worship. Delighting in the repetitive utterance of "the word, Democratic, the word, En-Masse," he was also a loud herald of the second great principle of the century, closely linked with democracy, — fraternity:

"I will make the most splendid race the sun ever shone upon,
I will make divine, magnetic lands,
With the love of comrades,
With the life-long love of comrades."

In spite of the later revolutions on the Continent, when human life seemed of less value than chaff, the germinal movement toward democracy ever commingled brotherhood with political rights for the individual and the nation. This altruistic ideal has expanded as the political principle has progressed, until it has permeated the spirit of nearly all great poetry of the age. Victor Hugo, Heine, Coppée, Tolstoi, have joined with English and American authors in iteration of the gospel of mutual, uplifting service. In his briefer lyrics, and in the tender narratives of "Margaret" and "Michael," Wordsworth testified to his close sympathy with the heart of the common people, to his advocacy of social as well as political unity. "The Bridge of Sighs," "Apparent Failure," "The Cry of the Human," "The Vision of Sir Launfal," — such poems bear stamp of a century awakened, as never before, to fraternal and social service. Lanier, in "The Symphony," and Kipling, in his staccato pleas for oppressed and submerged humanity, have given timely rebuke to that commercialism and competition which threaten death to the spirit of brotherhood.

One of the anterior influences which gave impetus to democracy was the increase, during the eighteenth century, of scientific knowledge among all classes. This propagation, through English and French encyclopedic and philosophic channels, reached its natural culmination in the famous expositions during the middle decades of the century. Dangers of materialism and spiritual chaos lurked about the tenets of Darwin and Huxley, Spencer and Mill, until the years could fuse and interpret, could replace the shattered illusions with new joy and satisfaction in fixed laws controlling Nature and life. To wisely apply such scientific knowledge and method to all phases of the century's life, — politics, economics, religion, — became the mission of the poets no less than the philosophers and reformers. In place of the social anarchism of Godwin, the political and religious despair of Byron, and the embryonic yet unfulfilled philosophy of Coleridge, came into life and poetry the surety of a scientific law which could satisfy both the reason and soul. With a mind plastic to the premonitions of the future as well as the influences of the past, Shelley had yearned to the last for that "Spirit of the Universe," that vast "Force-Idea," so soon to be vested with new scientific insight and reverence.

A sincere, persistent zeal for the deep facts and laws pervaded poetry and produced the so-called realism of Wordsworth, Arnold, Clough, and their followers. A new poetic imagination, combining the real and the ideal, was symbolized in Wordsworth's "Skylark,"

"Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

In "The Spanish Gypsy," as in her later novels, George Eliot applied this spirit of science in the analysis of character and in ethical teaching. Matthew Arnold proclaimed the ultimate blending

of science and poetry, of Nature's law and man's work. Emerson and Whitman, in most distinctive forms, announced the poetic harmony of all physical and psychic forces, —

"For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune."

The two great English poets of the latter half of the century were marked adherents of evolutionary method. Browning turned the lens of a scientist, with the intense sympathy of a poet, upon the hidden motor struggles of *passion* and *soul*. Tennyson studied the scientific laws no less than the pictorial beauties of the "Flower in the Crannied Wall," while he also explored the manifestations of *mind* and *heart*. "Sordello" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "In Memoriam," and "The Higher Pantheism," all witness "One God, one Law, one Element."

Coexistent with the political and scientific advance which had awakened the world from the atrophy of the previous century, had come religious revolutions, extending with diverse radiations through the entire nineteenth century. In the main, the progress of theological thought has been in accord with the affiliated principles of freedom and scientific law. Mr. Allen's story in poetic prose is a fitting climatic expression of the evolutionary, religious leaven of the century. There have been, however, occasional reactionary symptoms, like the Tractarian and other ecclesiastic movements, which have caused doubts and recessions, often reflected in the poetry of the last half-century. Perhaps no poet sought more earnestly than Clough to find and transmit a religious message to his age. Lacking the emotional equipoise of Arnold, with whom he shared the disturbing influences of Oxford, he made a valiant fight against the refuge of agnosticism, and spent himself in a struggle to reconcile religious uncertainties with spiritual vision and aspiring life. Over the doubt shines a rare spiritual fervor, rapturous in "Easter Day" and "Through a Glass Darkly." Clough found the panacea for religious gropings in the message of "Qui Laborat, Orat," a strong poetic rendering of Carlyle's Gospel of Work.

Tennyson, prone by nature to speculation, influenced yet more by the religious atmosphere of unrest and by personal grief, traversed successive mental stages, from the vacillation of "The Two Voices" to the acceptance with —

"Faith that comes of self-control
The truths that never can be proved," —

which forms the message of "In Memoriam" and of his later poems. With Clough, Tennyson emphasized the religion of effort, first, to surpass our "dead selves," second, to perform some service for the world. The pivotal note in his great elegy rests upon this gospel; then bursts forth the New Year's carol, merging individual loss and doubt beneath hopes for a nobler world-religion.

Browning, with a child-like, unquestioning trust,

akin to that of Whittier, expends none of his matchless analysis upon religious dogmas, but proclaims, as basis of his creed, a militant knowledge born of dauntless faith. In Tennyson's strongest assurances, his chosen words are "hope" or "believe"; Browning and Whittier fearlessly exclaim, "I know." It were difficult to long cherish doubt when under the spell of "Abt Vogler" or "Paracelsus":

"I know, I felt, (perception unexpressed,
Uncomprehended by our narrow thought,
But somehow felt and known in every shift
And change in the spirit, — nay, in every pore
Of the body, even,) — what God is, what we are,
What life is — how God tastes an infinite joy
In infinite ways — one everlasting bliss
From whom all being emanates, all power
Proceeds; in whom is life forevermore,
Yet whom existence in its lowest form
Includes; where dwells enjoyment there is he."

Browning's religion, however, is not confined to faith; it has a major passionate strain. All life is a conflict, a battle between "the spirit's true endowments" and the forces of evil within and about man. It is this quality of unceasing, strenuous struggle, always with a guarantee of victory for the good soldier, that gives to his poems a dramatic energy capable of triumph over obscurities and wilful laxities which would be unpardonable in any lesser poet. The same "drum-taps" of robust, zealous life, "immense in passion, pulse, and power," give vitality and far-reaching force to the stanzaic messages of Whitman and Kipling.

While modern life, with its strenuousness, its zeal for newness and thrill in thought and emotions, its pride in political, scientific, and religious advance unequalled in any previous century, has had full reflection in the poetry of the age, there has been a revival, no less unprecedented, of the ideals and forms of earlier art and thought. The universal message of poetry as an art has been as distinctly uttered as the problems and aspirations of present-day activity. Browning, Tennyson, and Morris have chosen the symbolism and atmosphere of mediævalism, the ideals and traditions of chivalry and the Renaissance, as media for strong social warnings and prophecies. To re-study and re-picture the beauties of fancy and noble life among the Greeks, the Norsemen, and the disciples of chivalry and monasticism, with the masterly skill of Landor, Keats, Rossetti, and Swinburne, is to perform no small service for the literature of an age too prone to forget the past in pressure of current interests.

Princes of the poets who sought relief from the confusions of his own age in the reposeful glories of past art, is Keats. Amid the social and religious ferment about him he spoke the reactionary message of art as the true guide toward a life where truth and beauty could be identical. His place and mission in the century's literature closely resembles Ruskin's. The new century may well heed their warnings against such absorption in commercialism and science as will shrivel the artistic faculty

and dwarf the soul. In workmanship, whether as rejuvenators of some forgotten fancy and metre, or as creators of some new beauty under familiar form, the century's poets of pure art have merited high praise. A generation which could produce "The Blessed Damozel," "The Earthly Paradise," and "Atlanta in Calydon," to mention no further, has already attained rank among the great master-artists in verse.

One could easily enumerate a long list of themes, touching the minds, morals, emotions, and tastes of this age, upon which the poets of the century have spoken with oracular force. There remains, however, one characteristic, perchance the most comprehensive and important, surely the most universal, trait of the poets. A keen observation, mingled with an intimate sympathy for Nature, is noted alike among realists and romanticists, among the earlier and later poets with cumulative fervor. The eighteenth century initiated this relationship between humanity and the sanative lessons of wave and wind, bird and flower. The spread of science merely gave new and definite impetus to the ideals already bespoken by Rousseau and the Sentimentalists, by Cowper and Crabbe, by Thomson and Young. Logical observation and health-inspiring comradeship, with ever increasing unity, have permeated the poetry of the century from Wordsworth to Watson. American poets must rest their claim to recognition largely upon their intuitive, delicate Nature-lyrics. The poet has served a special mission in an age of science. He has combined the qualities of analyst and artist; he has urged communion as well as study. Viewed thus, not alone as an element but also as a presence, Nature offers, through the poets, the only possible expansion of life in its entirety, the only unassailable fount of religious teaching. "Saul," one of the master-poems of the century, is a noble embodiment of this truth. Through the sensuous, life-bestowing media of Nature's images, the king's shattered mind regained its poise and God-recognizing power.

Glancing over the poetry of the cycle, we recognize that much has been crude and ephemeral, much has been potent and energizing. There have been produced no great dramas, no great epics, but the record contains a few noble elegies, some matchless sonnets, character-portrayals unsurpassed in real vitality, and a vast number of lyrics whose fancy and melody admit of no competition in previous centuries. Five great names, at least, deserve rank beside the prophet-poets of the past, — Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and Browning. There have been poems of doubt and despair, messages of agnosticism and futility of effort, but the passing decades have proclaimed less unrest, more faith, less heart-eating apathy, more soul-stimulating conflict for the individual and the race, —

"By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles
in this."

ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE.

COMMUNICATIONS.

SOME QUESTIONS SUGGESTED BY PROFESSOR WENDELL'S "LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

On the strength of the editorial in THE DIAL of Dec. 16, I have been reading Professor Wendell's "Literary History of America," and I quite agree with you that Professor Wendell in this book "has produced incomparably the best history of American Literature thus far written by anybody." It is, in many respects, a profound book. It is at all times a readable book. Its characterization of movements and authors is well-nigh absolute — with the exception perhaps of its treatment of Poe and Whitman, the two doubtful members of the American school, who ought to be given at this time, one would think, the benefit of the doubt. But with all its merits it is still a debatable book, and I have set down, without elaboration, some of the points about which there might be dispute.

In the first place the series of literary histories, of which this volume is one, was conceived by a European from a European point of view. In the foreword of the series one reads of "the conflict of dynasties," "the popular panorama of kings and queens," "the quarrels of rival parliaments," — which, it is said, have hitherto engrossed the attention of historians. On this ground there is surely no reason for a literary history of America. Not having been dazzled by kings and queens, our historians — notably Parkman, Eggleston, Roosevelt, and Fiske — have done full justice to every phase of our national development, including the intellectual and artistic. In the same preface it is written that "in spite of history, the poets are the true masters of the earth," and that "if all record of a nation's progress were blotted out, and its literature were yet left us, might we not recover the outlines of its lost history?" In view of the fact that no American poet, with possibly one or two exceptions, has ever mastered any portion of this earth — our expansion being frankly materialistic, even "imperialistic," if you please, and not transcendental — the first claim seems preposterous, and the other suggestion is denied by the very evidence of this present literary history. Two centuries of American history, a period big with events, are almost without literary record, and of the 518 pages of this volume, 479 deal with Boston and New England and what is called here the "Middle States" (with the western boundary at Philadelphia!). A poor hurried section of thirty-nine pages is devoted to the South and the rest of the United States! This denotes either that Professor Wendell happens to know more about Boston than about the rest of the Republic, or that the proposition that our literature is equivalent to our history is false. The fact is that the intellectual life of Americans is not confined by the walls of colleges or by the pages of books. The Men who Do are with us far more intellectual, energetic, and creative, than the Men who Write. Boston Unitarianism and Transcendentalism are not of much moment compared with the Winning of the West.

There are other points of Professor Wendell's own statement that are also debatable. I have jotted down a few to present to a class which has the volume under review.

(1) Is it true that the ideals of a nation are shaped by the language it adopts for a common medium?

Trace the influence of "the tongue that Shakespeare spake and the faith and morals which Milton held" upon the German settlers in Chicago or upon the Negroes of the South. How much do race and environment modify the primary effects of language?

(2) Do you accept the substitution of the phrase, "English Literature in America," for the common designation, "American Literature"? Would you speak likewise of French Art in America or German Music in America?

(3) Is it more profitable — as more rational — to study American Literature as an independent development, correlating our own literature and history, or as a dependent literature, with emphasis upon the traditional and imitative features and its correspondence to English literature? (I shall here point to the ease of making comparison by the use of Ryland's and Whitcomb's "Outlines," and also to Professor Wendell's satirical remark concerning Prince's History of New England, which began its account with "an epitome of the most remarkable transactions and events abroad, from the creation.")

(4) Do you prefer to say the United States are or the United States is? Is this merely a question of grammar? Would the study of English Literature in America affect the idealism of one who persists in speaking of the United States as plural?

(5) In discussing the literary history of America is it sufficient to consider only what is written in the English language? Is it fair to ignore the French literature of Louisiana? Would Rosenfeld's sweat-shop poems, written in Yiddish, have any bearing upon American history?

(6) Does the actual history of America, as recorded by John Fiske, betoken "national inexperience"? Does England exhibit any less "inexperience" than America in respect to those forces which are shaping the modern world in both hemispheres? How much of England's substantial experience is due to the survival of the feudal traditions down to and including Tennyson? Was not the revolutionary literature of England due to England's inability to have a genuine revolutionary experience? Would the meagre revolutionary literature of France indicate "national inexperience" also?

(7) In a literary history of America how much attention should be given to local phases of thought, such as Boston Unitarianism and Transcendentalism?

(8) Do you agree with Professor Wendell in his explanation of the growth of "imperialism" in England and America?

I consider it the function of a pedagogue to put questions — as it is perhaps the function of a historian of literature to arouse them.

OSCAR LOVELL TRIGGS.

University of Chicago, February 5, 1901.

THE NINE GREAT AUTHORS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Jackson Boyd's communication in the Jan. 16 number of THE DIAL on "Ten Great Authors of the Century" might perhaps better have been deferred to a later issue, so that he could have had time and opportunity to profit by Mr. Charles Leonard Moore's statement in the same number: "The most aggravating of all critics is the critic who asserts. . . ." Positivism would seem, from his article, to be Mr. Boyd's philosophy of literature, if not of life. Certainly his state-

ments have the merit of certitude and conviction, in spite of their very evident defects from the standpoint of "things as they are."

Mr. Boyd's article calls Schopenhauer, Comte, Darwin, Spencer, Marx, Ward, Eliot, de Maupassant, Tolstoi, and Bentham "the preëminent authors of the nineteenth century." Thus he does not give a list of "the greatest influences of the century," or "the greatest men of the century," but of "the greatest authors of the century," — in short, the greatest writers of literature.

Mr. Boyd goes somewhat beyond necessity when he says:—"Schopenhauer is the greatest metaphysician that ever lived." He had need only to prove that he was the greatest metaphysician of the nineteenth century, to prove his greatness as a nineteenth century metaphysician. But Schopenhauer might be "the greatest metaphysician that ever lived," or ever will live, and still fail to be one of "the preëminent authors of the nineteenth century"—one of the makers of literature. Literature has no final (only an accidental) relation with metaphysics.

He says, of science, "Charles Darwin was the most argumentative mind of the century." What of it? "Literature is the presentation of life in an artistic form. No man of science has ever been an artist, although some, as, for example, Darwin and Huxley, have been believed by their friends to have been such." Thus Mr. Clement K. Shorter, and "the consensus of critical opinion" upholds his position.

"Herbert Spencer is the greatest Individualist of the race." Perhaps he is the greatest "individual" of the race. He is certainly great in his sphere; but as a writer of literature he has surprisingly little to offer.

Karl Marx is one of the "master-minds of man." But he is not one of the master-minds of literature. His claims to literary greatness may be dismissed with the statement that he was "a famous German socialist." What has that to do with literature?

"Lester F. Ward is the most practical philosopher the century has produced." As "practical philosophy's" connection with literature is of the remotest, we need, perhaps, say no more about Mr. Ward's literary claims to "real greatness."

"George Eliot is the only writer of light literature who has any claim to real greatness." "It is indeed a discovery," writes Brander Matthews in "Aspects of Fiction," "to find that any man able to read and write is capable of classifying as 'light literature' the acute and subtle study of the process of Tito's steady moral disintegration under recurring temptation." The reference, of course, is to George Eliot's "Romola." The same statement applies with about equal force to George Eliot's other work. It is also, indeed, a discovery to learn that "light literature" gives anyone a claim to "real greatness." But granting that George Eliot has other claims to "real greatness" than "light literature," surely the nineteenth century has produced novelists greater than she,—Balzac and Hugo in France; Thackeray, Dickens, and George Meredith in England.

"Guy de Maupassant is the most artistic story-teller the world has ever produced." This is the only one of Mr. Boyd's formulas to which we can give even partial acceptance. The art of Guy de Maupassant, which produced such achievements of story-telling as "The Piece of String," "The Necklace," "Coward," and "Little Soldier," is certainly an art which, in mere artfulness (I do not use the term slightly), has seldom been equalled. He has a few disputants to the

title of "the greatest short-story teller of the century," however,—as, for example, Robert Louis Stevenson, who, though inferior to the Frenchman in form and structure, surpasses him in the richness and charm of his style, and is ethically stronger at all points. And Poe and Hawthorne! The author of "The Cask of Amontillado," and the man who wrote "Wakefield" and "David Swan," have produced almost if not quite as great short stories as have ever been written in French.

"Count Leo Tolstoi [is] the most artistic novelist [the world has ever produced]." I am as much surprised at this statement as the author of "Anna Karenina" himself would be, if he heard of it. "God's moral" is what he is after, and he often shows it,—seldom artistically, more often with evident effort. As far as form goes, he is huge and structureless.

"One of the greatest authors of all time is Jeremy Bentham." The writings of Jeremy Bentham have no literary merit whatever. His style is turgid, involved, and obscure. Even as knowledge they have been largely superseded.

And now, having tried to set aside Mr. Boyd's list of "the preëminent authors of the nineteenth century," what have I to offer in its place?

Who will dispute that Browning and Tennyson are the greatest poets of the nineteenth century, and two of the greatest poets of all time?

No historian, essayist, or other writer in prose other than fiction, except John Ruskin, has attained to the first rank in literature in the nineteenth century. But his, at its best, magnificent style, like the peals of some "grand organ harmony" swelling, helps lift his work away from the mere writing of knowledge, "discussion and conflict," up to the "eternal peaks of pure literature." John Ruskin ranks among "the nine great authors of the nineteenth century," in spite of the fact that his work is, mostly, not included in any of the three great forms of literary art.

In fiction, Balzac and George Meredith are the greatest novelists, while the short story has four equalities,—Poe, de Maupassant, Hawthorne, and Stevenson. In Robert Louis Stevenson we have both a writer of short stories of the very first rank ("Will o' the Mill," "Markheim," "Thrawn Janet"), and also a novelist who, in at least one of his tales, "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," gives us a story worthy to be ranked with the greatest fiction of the century—of all time. Balzac is probably the greatest novelist of the world, and immeasurably his superior in all the "amenities of style" is Meredith. In technique, if in technique only, Meredith is without a peer, while "the body of his work" is also most satisfactory. Professor Saintsbury says: "When these two things coincide in literature, or elsewhere, then that in which they coincide may be called, and must be called, Great, without hesitation, and without reserve." Meredith's extreme justification is in the future, while Balzac has already come into his own. The art of Dickens and Thackeray (except, perhaps, in their masterpieces, "David Copperfield" and "Vanity Fair,"—certainly less in these than in the rest of their work) is, as Mr. Howells has recently shown, largely "the art of a by-gone age."

Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, Honoré de Balzac, George Meredith, Edgar Allan Poe, Robert Louis Stevenson, Guy de Maupassant, Nathaniel Hawthorne, John Ruskin,—these seem to me "the preëminent authors of the nineteenth century."

ALEXANDER JESSUP.

Westfield, Mass., February 6, 1901.

The New Books.

OXFORD MEMORIES.*

Someone, Carlyle we dare say, speaks of Diderot's books as "printed talk." The description, which is a handy one and nowadays widely applicable, nicely fits the Rev. W. Tuckwell's book of Oxford recollections, and very good talk it is, though younger noses may detect in its earlier and even its later chapters a somewhat "ancient and fishlike smell." For Mr. Tuckwell seems the Nestor of Oxonians, his memories going back largely to Oxford in the Thirties—the Oxford to which you were driven in a coach (the "Tantivy," the "Regulator," the "Blenheim," the "Rival," and so forth), by a Jehu of the tribe of Weller; the Oxford of Gibbonian "port and prejudice"; the Oxford to which Museums, Art Galleries, Local Examinations, Science Degrees, Extension Lectures, Women's Colleges, and the like commonplaces of to-day were as yet innovations, germinant or threatened, at which dondom gravely shook its head, scenting heresy and schism, and the intrusion of ideas subversive of scholastic standards, learned reputations, the reign of the Humanities, and fat livings. Science especially, with its bold pretensions, was, as Gambetta said of clericalism, felt to be "the enemy." Conservatism hated it because it was new; orthodoxy because, like the inventor in Dickens, it persisted in "wanting to know." Even men like Jowett, says our author,—

"Proclaimed war on it on behalf of the 'ancient studies,' as encroaching on and menacing the 'higher conception of knowledge and of the mind,' as antagonistic to 'morals and religion'—curiously unaware that their own avowed ignorance of its nature, subjects, tendencies, precluded them from forming, much more from expressing, an opinion."

Science, however, persisted in its efforts to break into the sanctuary with (as its enemies might have said) "a jemmy"; and in the end succeeded. Molested was the ancient, solitary reign of Theology; broken the monopoly of the Humanities. The first representative of note of the new learning was Daubeny—Doctor Daubeny, professor of chemistry, botany, rural economy, who wrote on Roman husbandry, experimented much in horticulture, planting his famous "Physic Garden," and building houses wherein flourished the Victoria

*REMINISCENCES OF OXFORD. By Rev. W. Tuckwell, M.A. Illustrated. New York: Cassell & Co., Ltd.

lily, the aloe, and many plants unfamiliar to eyes dimmed by the study of Greek roots. The Doctor was something of an oddity, outwardly a droll, fantastically clad figure, but genial and chatty in society. For zoölogical purposes he kept, in a great cage let into the Danby gateway, a collection of monkeys, which a mischievous undergraduate liberated one night, to the general joy of his appreciative fellows next day. The wanderers were recaptured, after an exciting chase and some perilous climbing; but the Doctor was pained by what he considered an affront to himself, and his menagerie was eventually dispersed.

Buckland was the next *savant* of note at Oxford. His lecture-room filled at once, not so much with students as with dons (attracted no less by the vivacity of his talk than the novelty of his theme), among them Shuttleworth, father of the couplet—

"Some doubts were expressed about the Flood,
Buckland arose, and all was clear as—mud."

Buckland at first posed as regular and reconcilist, his earlier writings containing little to provoke the heresy-hunters. Then, in 1836, appeared his Bridgewater Treatise, and stones from orthodox slings at once flew about his offending (and disregarding) head. Dean Gaisford of Christchurch thanked God on the fossil-hunting professor's departure for Italy. "We shall," he comfortably thought, "hear no more of his geology." Pusey, blinking anxiously at the new light, bustled about warning men to avert their eyes from it, and organizing a protest against the proposed degree for Professor Owen; the saintly Keble clenched a bitter plea against the new science with the powerful argument worthy of patristic days that "when God made the stones he made the fossils in them."

Buckland had a most efficient and zealous helper in his wife. From her, says Mr. Tuckwell, came the first suggestion as to the true character of the *lias coprolites*.

"When, at two o'clock in the morning, the idea flashed upon him that the Cheirotherium footsteps were testudinal, he woke his wife from sleep; she hastened down to make paste upon the kitchen table, while he fetched in the tortoise from the garden; and the pair soon saw with joint delight that its impressions on the paste were almost identical with those upon the slabs."

In Italy, as Dean Gaisford could not have been surprised to hear, Buckland went on pursuing the iconoclastic tenor of his way. At Palermo he visited Saint Rosalia's shrine. The receptacle was opened by the attendant priest, and the relics were reverently disclosed.

Thousands of believing pilgrims (such is the efficacy of faith) had knelt before them and had their souls eased thereby and their bodies healed, and had gratefully bestowed their obolus on departing. But to the hard eye of the man of science and little faith the bones were not sacred, were not even Rosalia's. "They are," said he, "the bones of a goat, not of a woman" — and the sanctuary doors were abruptly shut in his face, as Oxford doors would have been before had Gaisford and the rest had their way about it.

Before taking leave of Buckland let us quote his Johnsonian retort to a North Briton who "heckled" him during a lecture:

"'It would seem,' queried a sceptical Caledonian during a lecture in North Britain, 'that your animals always walked in one direction?' 'Yes,' was the reply, 'Cheirotherium was a Scotchman, and he always travelled south.'"

What the initiative and persistence of Dr. Acland did for the establishment of Science and Art at Oxford is, or ought to be, well known. He settled there as a physician in 1844, and was made Lee's Reader of Anatomy at Christchurch. His lectures began in 1845, and a great impetus was at once given to the movement in favor of a Museum. It was felt that the old Ashmolean must be supplanted by a temple worthy of the University. Economists opposed the proposal on the ground of cost, the classicists fought it because it was novel, and the theologians condemned it as a subtle device of the evil one designed to sap the foundations of belief. Sewall of Exeter, "more Puseyite than Pusey," fulminated against it in a University sermon which was too bigoted even for the bigots, and which went far to convince sensible men that the hour for a determined stand against the bats and owls of the corporation councils was come. To the defenders of the Museum were soon joined men like Liddell and Professor Phillips; and early in the Fifties the money was voted, the design adopted, and the first stone of the new building laid by Lord Derby. Once begun, the edifice "rose like an exhalation," glorified by the genius of artists like Woodward, Burne-Jones, Skidmore, the brothers Shea, Rossetti, Prinsep, Monro, Morris.

The Museum's memorable welcome to the British Association was marked by the day of the great Darwin fight, when the opposing hosts, led respectively by Huxley and S. Wilberforce, did battle over the strange hypothesis from morn till dewy eve. The Darwinian dis-

cussion was of course the event of the week. It took place in the large Library, which was packed with expectant humanity eager as always for a fray in which the blows were to be borne by somebody else. Professor Henslow presided, and by his side sat Huxley — "hair jet black, slight whiskers, pale full fleshy face, the two strong lines of later years already marked, an ominous quiver in his mouth, and an arrow ready to come out of it." Professor Draper of New York, "eminent, serious, nasal," read a paper on Evolution; after which an irrelevant person rose to say that all theories as to the ascent of man were vitiated by the fact that, in the words of Pope, Great Homer died three thousand years ago. To this Professor Huxley sarcastically declined to reply; so the Bishop of Oxford, author of an article in the "Quarterly" denunciatory of Darwinism, and the accepted champion of Orthodoxy, took the floor. The Bishop, says our author, was "argumentative, rhetorical, amusing." He does not appear to have been dignified or profound.

"He retraced the ground of his article, distinguished between a 'working and a causal hypothesis,' complimented 'Professor Huxley who is about to demolish me,' plagiarized from a mountebank sermon by Burgoon, expressing the 'disquietude' he should feel were a 'venerable ape' to be shown to him as his ancestress in the Zoo: a piece of clever, diverting, unworthy claptrap."

In short, the Bishop of Oxford undertook to upset Darwinism by making fun of it; and the fun, being of a cheap and puerile order, had no effect beyond tickling the ears of the groundlings, and provoking a retort of unparliamentary severity.

"Huxley rose, white with anger. 'I should be sorry to demolish so eminent a prelate, but for myself I would rather be descended from an ape than from a divine who employs authority to stifle truth.' A gasp and a shudder through the room, the scientists uneasy, the orthodox furious, the Bishop wearing that fat, provoking smile which once, as Osborne Gordon reminds us, impelled Lord Derby in the House of Lords to an unparliamentary quotation from 'Hamlet.' 'I am asked,' Huxley went on, 'if I accept Mr. Darwin's book as a complete causal hypothesis. Belated on a roadless common on a dark night, if a lantern were offered to me, should I refuse it because it shed an imperfect light? I think not — I think not.'"

Happily the great Darwinian debate at the Museum was not without its humors. One ominous pause was broken by the important announcement of an elderly gentleman with a Roman nose that Mr. Darwin's book "had given him acutest pain." A roar of "Question!" overwhelmed him, and he departed and

was seen no more. Another volunteer rose from the back benches during a lull in the storm, stepped smartly to the rostrum, and asked for a blackboard. This was produced, whereupon he, after deep thought, chalked two cabalistic crosses on opposite corners of it, opened his mouth to speak, lost his intellectual bearings, and stood vainly groping in the crypts of memory, until forced to his seat by inextinguishable laughter, the thought he had in him remaining, as Carlyle says, conjectural till this day.

Mr. Tuckwell's sense of humor and keen eye for personal peculiarities lend zest and freshness to his portraits of Oxford worthies, and of these sketches his book forms a varied and amusing, and we dare say in their kind pictorially faithful, gallery. The subjects range from genuine notabilities, as Pusey, Newman, the Arnolds, Clough, Jowett, Liddell, Max Müller, Mark Pattison, A. P. Stanley, etc., down to mere oddities, like "Horse" Kett and "Mo." Griffith, who were notable mainly because they were odd. Mr. Tuckwell has a good deal to say about Pusey, who, we suspect, attracted him more through his peculiarities than his intellectual gifts—for there is a dash of caricature in his somewhat elaborate portrait of this spectral and mediævalizing divine:

"Two things impressed me when I first saw Dr. Pusey close: his exceeding slovenliness of person, . . . and the almost artificial sweetness of his smile, contrasting as it did with the sombre gloom of his face when in repose. He lived the life of a godly hermit; reading no newspapers, he was unacquainted with the commonest names and occurrences; and was looked upon with much alarm in the Berkshire neighborhood, where an old lady much respected as a 'deadly one for prophecy,' had identified him with one of the three frogs which were to come out of the dragon's mouth. . . . In contrast with his disinclination for general talk was his morbid love of groping in the spiritual interiors of those with whom he found himself alone. He would ask of strangers questions which but for his sweet and courteous manner they must have deemed impertinent."

Mr. Tuckwell goes on to relate the Doctor's attempts to play confessor with a surly groom who used to drive him in and out of Oxford. This man of Belial gruffly refused to have his "spiritual interior" vivisectioned, and was finally abandoned by the baffled Doctor as a "reprobate."

In Pusey's case the boy was certainly father of the man. When a boy (if such we may call him) he was once invited by his gratified father to select some valuable present commemorative of a prize-winning success at school.

He chose "a complete set of the Fathers"! His mother used to relate how in the Long Vacations he would sit for hours in a shady corner of the garden reading his folios, with a tub of cold water at hand into which he would plunge his head whenever study made it ache. The immersions must have been frequent.

But we must now take leave of Mr. Tuckwell's chatty and multifarious book, recommending it as an entertaining repository of familiar talk about old Oxford, its ways and worthies, from the pen of a shrewd and sympathetic observer whose sense of humor and appreciation of the original or the eccentric in conduct and character brightens his pages and freshens his descriptions. It would have been easy to make a dull book or a stale one about Oxford in the Thirties; but Mr. Tuckwell's impressions, being both lively and his own, are worth recording. There are sixteen illustrations, among them some quaint plates after old prints and portraits.

E. G. J.

A MODERN ADAM AND EVE.*

Whoever sits down to the perusal of Mrs. Albee's "Mountain Playmates" will rise refreshed and exhilarated. There has been a vivifying contact with a many-sided, cultivated personality, and what is more grateful than the privilege of such exceptional companionship? The subjects treated by the writer are varied, now the external affairs of every-day life, now the deepest questions that stir an earnest soul. A sparkling humor lends its fascination to the lighter matters, while the graver themes lose no shade of interest from the more serious manner with which they are discussed.

The "Mountain Playmates" are no other than Mrs. Albee and her husband, a "studious, inactive" and in their friends' account, "impractical pair," who throw their united energies into the work of transforming into a congenial summer home a long-abandoned farm in the Sandwich range of the White Mountains. Their means will permit of very slender outlay for the repair and equipment of their new possession, hence their wits are called into active employment for the supply of necessary requisites. It was inexpedient to rob their city residence of coveted rugs, chairs, draperies, etc., and search was instituted "in the garret,

* MOUNTAIN PLAYMATES. By Helen R. Albee. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

the tool-house, and the corn chamber for possible articles that could be made to serve a needful purpose.

"Was there a dissipated wreck of a table, I took it firmly in hand and said 'Brace up; I intend to set you on your feet again, and shall put new life into you: there is a happy future awaiting those who behave themselves.' Was there a chair with an amputated leg or disintegrated vitals; a little surgical attention, a few stitches and supports, an iron tonic in the form of nails and screws, made another creature of it. . . . With such good-will and purpose did I apply myself to reformatory work that the lame and halt stood without a limp, the infirm and decrepit assumed a jaunty air of youth, the tramps of the corn chamber became useful and reliable members of our household."

The masculine partner in the firm of the "Playmates," whom his companion individualizes by the name of Adam, doubted the prudence of some of the lady's desperate aims at resurrection, and there arose lively controversies waxing at times into actual opposition on his part. She scored a victory in every instance, as courage and invention deserve to do, and flaunted defiantly his own vindicated principle "that economy is the handmaid of the art of living." After skimming "off a coating of household articles, enough, if spread thin, to cover the bareness of the cottage" with the help of the long-buried pieces ingeniously brought back to life, the couple proceeded to set up their penates in the new habitation in the wilderness.

And now had they been ever so "inactive" in the past they were so no longer. A second tenet in Adam's complex creed was borrowed from Emerson: "Labor is God's education." The busy pair toiled with delightful earnestness from this time on.

"The handmaid as an advance guard preceded us with soap and mop, we following at her heels with paint buckets and carpenter's tools. We painted floors, papered walls, whitewashed ceilings. We repainted and covered the furniture, adding curtains, portières, and rugs to the cottage."

The dilapidated old farm-house speedily assumed a picturesque aspect under the touch of such informed and determined fingers. The neighborhood was alive with interest as a rational consequence. Visitors would say on entering the house:

"Have you done anything new since we were here last? We must see it." Mark the wording; it was never 'Have you bought anything new?' We made it a principle never to buy the smallest thing we could construct, and in consequence our talents in that direction became enormously developed. . . . I, who had known only the ennui of city life and social amusements, had never conceived of the pure joy this fresh plaything brought."

The final strokes being applied to the interior, the outer walls of the old house demanded attention. It was decided to shingle them. Adam early took a hand in order to hasten the slow progress of the carpenters. Then Eve, who always wanted to do whatever he did, joined in without delay. It proved such good fun the carpenters were dismissed, and the two "had beautiful hours together, each seeing who could do the best work in the quickest time." It was with reluctance that they gave themselves a respite when both were tired out.

"Just hand me a few of those shingles," he pleaded, "and in about three minutes more I shall have completed my half of this course." During the brief reprieve, I became so engrossed with my own end of the line that we came nearer and nearer together, until we had not only finished the whole course, but had completed several more. We did tear ourselves away at length, and I got eggnog, or fruit and wafers, generally the thing that would take longest to eat, and we sat in the shade while we chattered and laughed; and then we began the shingling again, which was only play, interspersed with discussions on philology and Celtic literature between the strokes of the hammers."

Was it not all a pure idyl? It was bringing the ideal into the real. It was making poetry out of the prose of life. It was spiritualizing the material, an achievement constantly in view of the "Playmates," who strove to conform in thought and deed to the third prime article in Adam's creed: to make each day and each event as picturesque as possible.

The cottage brought into harmony with æsthetic tastes inside and out, the diligent pair set to work in the garden, which experienced a similar glorification through the instrumentality of seeds from the florist, and wild vines and ornamental trees and shrubs from the adjacent forest. Everything grew with wonderful luxuriance, because they put of their own heart and soul into it. "A miserable little thread of a Virginia creeper," for example, which had been barely able to keep hold on the breath of life in its struggle against thwarting circumstances, under their fostering care threw out stems and branches to the length of fifty feet or more in less than two years, covering the front and sides of the cottage with a rich green mantle.

"What a beautiful vine!" people would exclaim. "What do you do to it? We have a vine that we have tended for years and can't make grow." "We love it," would be my reply; and then they would look at me with an incredulous smile, not understanding the truth. But really there was no further explanation to give, for that was all there was to it."

A unique variation in the Playmates' diver-

sified experiences was the uplifting and removal of huge rocks which spotted their lawn at too frequent intervals. "The gentle game of bouldering," the lady pronounces it, and it began in this wise:

"One says to another, 'My dear, will you come out just a moment? I want you to keep your hand on a bar; I have a boulder in the garden that I cannot manage alone.' The uninitiated partner thinks on the way out, 'This is a queer thing to ask a woman to do; this is a man's work,' which idea shows that she knows nothing about the game. She acquiesces, and acting under directions, with very little expenditure of power on her lever, she takes advantage of every slight gain he makes with his pry, and in less than half a minute they have laid bare to the sunshine that which is older, and has lain longer buried, than the oldest mummy in Egypt. This first triumph having been so easily won, the newly admitted member of the Society for Excavation becomes eager for another bout. A wily master will play upon the vanity of the neophyte, and will render unstinted praise of her skill and dexterity. By a proper stirring of her ambition she will ever be ready to lend a hand in an emergency. I know one such teacher, who by dint of encouragement secured the services of an ambitious pupil to exhume fifty boulders, some of them weighing a ton."

It was after much studying of the ways of plants and trees in the woods and fields that the chronicler of the "Playmates" settled to her private satisfaction the great problem of the warfare of good and evil in the world. While Adam transplanted young cabbages in the garden, she unfolded to him the interpretation of life to which the inequality in conditions and the tragic struggle for existence in the vegetable kingdom, had conducted her. It fills one of the most interesting chapters in the volume. As she finds seeming injustice and real suffering present in the lower ranks of being, she is reconciled to their prevalence among mankind. It is the law of Nature which she robs of cruelty by the supposition that the germ of the vital principle of life, that which in man we call soul, exists primordially in the plant. It rises through ascending grades of the organic world in pursuance of the process of evolution until it is fit to inhabit the human frame. It then chooses the parentage and the environments that will best conduce to its continued development. Its destiny from the beginning is to go on and on by successive reincarnations, each new form starting on a level with the highest point attained in its last existence.

"To my mind, this accounts for Nature's apparent indifference to the universal death and wanton destruction of life in the world. Death is a token of growth—the means by which spirit escapes and makes its ascent from one form to another. Knowing that

when a thing dies, death does not involve annihilation of the spirit within, but merely facilitates its progress, Nature calmly sees one prey upon another, assured that the time will come, — and it is only a question of time, — when it will have less maw and more spirit. . . . Remember, I do not offer this as final truth, but I do claim that it interprets the seeming warfare of good and evil, that it gives me increasing peace of mind and happiness, and helps me to see a world not suffering, but *growing*."

One may smile at the insufficiency of the argument, but the force and earnestness with which it is presented command respect.

That Adam and Eve are gifted with the artistic sense is early divined, but it is not until close to the end of her story that she discloses her identity with the inventor of the Abnakee rug, the manufacture of which forms an industry for the comfort and profit of women shut away in the lone farmhouses of New England. Her account of the studious experiments which resulted in dyes and designs appropriate to the exaltation of the original crude hooked rug is as piquant and clever as everything else she relates.

The "Playmates" have dwelt three summers and a winter in their mountain home, happy in each other and in the simple wholesome life they have led with the quiet and inspiration of Nature around them. "Let us go and do likewise," is the involuntary prayer of the reader who is allowed in the pages of their book a glance into their earthly Paradise.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

SONGS OF MODERN GREECE.*

One of the leading British reviews, in commenting on Mr. Abbott's "Songs of Modern Greece," cites his rendering of "The Woman of Chios" as proof of the allegation that the translator must have done his work poorly. The writer for the review in question is evidently a layman with opinions of his own. The truth is that Mr. Abbott's translations are remarkably accurate and sympathetic. They show evidence of his own familiarity with the Modern Greek, and they have been touched up by the hand of Mr. Gennadius, for years Greek Minister to London, beyond whom there is no appeal.

In reading these translations, one must remember that the soul of poetry is rather association than meaning of words, and that when

*SONGS OF MODERN GREECE. By G. F. Abbott, B.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

the association does not exist, the effect is lost. "The Woman of Chios" calls up a picture of girls washing clothing by the sea shore, a familiar sight in Greece from the times of Nausicaa down, and when a Greek hears it, who knows what image it may bring up before his mind? A little village perhaps, his happy youth, the fishing boats drifting by, the saucy maidens with their lithe bodies and their swinging paddles flashing in the sunlight as they beat the clothes.

Mr. Abbott has very wisely refrained from rendering these songs into rhymed verse. He has used prose in most instances and has thus been able to keep closely to the original. He has rendered a distinct service to the student, as many of the words of vulgar vernacular, which cannot be found in any of the wretched dictionaries in existence, are thus defined, and their actual use exemplified.

This is by no means a complete collection, but it gives, on the whole, admirably selected examples in the various departments of Modern Greek folk song, which is, in its entirety, a very rich and interesting field. Several omissions are scarcely accounted for by the author's explanation that he has "avoided including any poems previously published in Western Europe." The previous collections (Passow, Fauriel, Legrand, Marcellus) are either out of print or difficult of access. Lucy Garnett's work is next to useless from the fact that the Greek text does not accompany the renderings.

A large amount of space is given over to the distiches, those rhymed couplets of which every Greek peasant knows a hundred or more. These are extremely typical, but they would be more worthy of the space occupied if a little more care had been used in their selection. A prose translation gives a poor idea of a rhymed distich. In this case, perhaps the original spirit could have been better conveyed by means of two metrical lines. Here are a few of Mr. Abbott's renderings of these pithy poems which are so useful to the Greek swains when courting:

"Even if thou wert a queen thou couldst not be more graceful:
a flower among maidens, the pride of the neighborhood."

"Mountains bloom not; birds sing not; for my love has
deserted me: mourn ye all."

"School-mistress, please permit my Helen to come out, that
I may see her for one instant; for my life is ebbing out."

"I want the sky for paper, the sea for ink to write to thee,
my graceful one, all that passes through my mind."

The dance songs being intended for occasions of unrestrained mirth are often *risqué*, sometimes quite coarse. Among the idyls and love songs, so dear to the heart of the common

people, are many that are worthy to be translated by a poet. Are there not sweet possibilities in this, entitled "Maria"?

"The star of Morn was just beginning to shine sweetly, the
air to pour forth its perfume on the fair first of May—
before the songs, the sports, and the dances commenced,—
when thou, Maria, camest forward first, first of all."

"Thy hair fell in profusion o'er thy milk-white throat, and
a fair maidenly rose adorned thy breast."

"A year later I went the same way again, Maria; I pined
by the desolate church where I saw thee for the first time.
But, instead of meeting a pretty form, a heavenly, lovely
glance, my eyes met a white stone with a cross upon it."

"Alone in the desert I knelt close by thy grave, Maria, and
kissed it gently. From among the scattered flowers I
picked one alone—a white, pure, and, like thee, virgin
blossom—and matched it to the one which thou hadst
given me from the garden of lilies for cruel remembrance:
the one an emblem of death, the other, of youth and beauty,
and of joy which, here below, is ever sister to sorrow."

Mr. Abbott's accompanying text is remarkably clear and clean, and he has adopted the sensible method of representing elisions by means of apostrophes, following the English style in such words as "tis" and "aren't." The comprehension of the foreign reader is thus facilitated.

An introduction and some quite searching notes, with numerous classical references, complete a book that must be a joy to all earnest students of that true dialect of Greek which is known as "Modern Greek."

GEORGE HORTON.

ESSAYS ON MUSIC AND MUSIC CULTURE.*

Lyric song is the most accessible and widely prevalent form of music, since it needs for performance no expensive orchestra, stage, or chorus, like symphony, opera, and oratoria; yet, notwithstanding that the genius preëminent in this sphere must rank with the highest of composers, it is a branch of musical art that has always been inadequately treated by musical critics. "Songs and Song Writers," by Mr. Henry T. Finck, is perhaps the first book ever written with a view to providing a guide for amateurs and professionals in the choice of the best songs; and the author has embodied his ideas, theories, and investigations in such a manner as to make his volume a very useful abstract—a sort of *omnium gatherum*—of matters pertaining to the *Lied*.

*SONGS AND SONG WRITERS. By Henry T. Finck. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

MUSICAL STUDIES AND SILHOUETTES. By Camille Bellaigue. Translated from the French by Ellen Orr. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

FOR MY MUSICAL FRIEND. By Aubertine Woodward Moore. Illustrated. New York: Dodge Publishing Co.

Although he dwells longest on his favorite song writers (Schubert, Franz, Grieg, and MacDowell), others are not dwarfed by an overbalancing praise of these few. Indeed, it may be laid down as a general principle that in such books as this the legitimate use of comparison stops at illustration and characterization. As evidence that the author's opinions evince a thorough knowledge of the subject we have but to point to the masterly review of Schubert.

While there may be a few who will contend that the popular purpose for which the book is designed would have been better served by some modifications in the way of both elision and amplification, the volume can never be classed as a compendium of useless knowledge about insignificant composers and antiquated songs. Mr. Finck has treated his subject conscientiously and enthusiastically, from a practical standpoint, and his treatise is just what he intended it to be: a sort of Song-Baedeker, with bibliographic foot-notes for the benefit of students who wish to pursue the subject further.

To try what may be called the emotional analysis of music is to offer a direct and perilous challenge to ridicule and cynicism. In view of the inherent difficulties it may seem inappropriate, if not unwise, that Camille Bellaigue's volume, "Musical Studies and Silhouettes," opens with lengthy chapters on "Sociology in Music" and "Realism and Idealism in Music." The author's theory is that "to humanize sound" is the mission of music, and that it has ever been the effort of great musicians of nature to translate into melodies, rhythms, and chords the impression or the reaction of material things upon us.

This theory is logical. Was it not because Beethoven had felt and suffered all that there is in life to feel and suffer that he was able to strike chords more full of emotion and pathos than have ever been struck before or since? Both of the essays referred to evince a tireless study of the subjects, and are models of intelligent criticism; yet, after all, there is more unembellished truth spoken in Joubert's words: "The more nearly a note or chord, a melody, rhythm, or sonority, touches a human sentiment or a soul, the more nearly is it ideal, the more nearly is it real, and the more nearly does it attain to the perfection of beauty."

M. Bellaigue has shown himself to be one of the most erudite of investigators into the his-

tory of music and, more particularly, into the annals of opera in France. In fact, he is most successful in his studies of the lyric drama, and what he remarks has the value of a keenly-felt personal impression. But the attitude of the worshipper, although sometimes serviceable, is not always the best for the critic; his uplifted eyes are too likely to see only the head of fine gold, and to neglect the less noble parts of baser material.

The chapters which furnish the most delightful reading are "Italian Music and the Last Two Operas of Verdi" and "Silhouettes of Musicians." Miss Orr deserves credit for her admirable translation; the style is clear and forcible, and, above all, she has the gift—which few translators possess when the subject considered is music—of always putting the right adjective in the right place.

It has been pointed out that it would be a vast gain to the growth of taste, and to all forms of art among us, if the present ambition to write books on aesthetics might, in some greater measure, give place to more serious and modest study of nature and standard art, as a means of cultivation and for the sake of cultivation. In a volume entitled "For My Musical Friend," Mrs. Aubertine Woodward Moore (whom we used to know as "Auber Forestier") has compiled a series of essays on music and music culture. Its purpose is to indicate how the rational methods applied to-day in other branches of learning may be brought to bear on the music lesson, how reckless waste of time and effort may be avoided, and how music may gain its rightful place as a beneficent influence in daily life.

Mrs. Moore properly expounds the theory that to appreciate music we must possess a definite and systematic knowledge of it as a foundation, and though she does not tell us so *totidem verbis*, the real object of her book is to spread the opinion that such a knowledge should form part of general education. It would be unnecessary to insist on the value of this if it were not widely assumed that æsthetic appreciation is a mere matter of taste. The chapters on "Rational Methods of Music Study," "The Technique That Endures," and "How to Memorize Music," are alike readable and instructive. Her work is pervaded by an enthusiasm which gives a peculiar zest to the critical portions. The index of twenty pages, in addition to a table of contents, is almost superfluous.

INGRAM A. PYLE.

RECENT BOOKS OF FICTION.*

Mr. Henry B. Fuller has a keen sense of the charm of the unexpected. He has essayed so many manners that we anticipate some sort of a surprise whenever a new book appears bearing his name. For a time he seemed to delight in the kind of realism that is dear to Mr. Howells, and his skilful handling of unpromising material elicited our somewhat unwilling admiration when "The Cliff Dwellers" and "With the Procession" came to hand. But the creator of *Pensieri-Vani* and the *Chatelaine* was obviously a romanticist at heart — albeit of a fantastic and refined type — so that we are not surprised to find in "The Last Refuge" a reversion to the romantic manner. The story opens entertainingly with the description of a certain *Freiherr* of middle age, who finds his capacity for æsthetic enjoyment waning, and who seeks a sort of vicarious rejuvenation in the companionship of a youth in whom enthusiasm is undimmed, and upon whom the primal impulses of life act with undiminished force. To these two characters others are soon joined, each animated by a special idealism, and in search of the conditions under which it may be realized. For one reason or another, the fair island of Sicily appears to the imagination of all these people to be the spot of which all are in search — to each of them individually it is a sort of "last refuge" in a hitherto baffled quest. To Sicily they all repair, and their paths converge to the same ducal estate, where they find themselves gathered together under the same roof, and where they indulge in artistic revels. We leave the reader to find out the nature of these diversions and the upshot of the somewhat singular relations that grow up between the characters concerned. It must suffice us here to emphasize the charm of Mr. Fuller's manner, and the fact that he has again (as in his first books) produced something that almost deserves the name of a new variety of literary composition. No one can hope to produce anything really new in literature at this late day and under the sophisticated conditions of

modern art, but something approximating originality may be predicated of a book that combines suggestions of Sterne and Stevenson and Mr. Stockton. So peculiar a blend as this is not often met with, and we give it welcome as a relief from the innumerable story-books written upon conventional lines.

There could not well be a greater contrast than is offered by placing this book side by side with Mr. Hamlin Garland's latest novel. Mr. Garland, we know by this time, will not surprise us, whatever else he may do. In "The Eagle's Heart" he is the same plain blunt man that he was in "Main-Travelled Roads," and has acquired little more of art than he had at the outset of his career. The sense of humor was left out of his composition, and of the finer graces of style his work has remained imperturbably innocent. But he has other qualities, qualities of earnestness and rugged force, that are impressive, and never made by him more impressive than in this straightforward story of the wild free life of the Western cattle ranges. The cowboy period of our Western civilization is fast becoming a matter of history, and Mr. Garland has done us a service in thus preserving its spirit in a form that may make it seem real and vivid to coming generations. There is even poetic feeling of a sombre sort in some of his descriptive pages, and a realization of the elemental and abiding forces in human character. Of characterization in the minuter sense in which the art of the novelist understands it there is little or nothing. The people of whom he writes are not convincing presences — the eagle-hearted hero possibly excepted — but rather lay figures decked out in such sentiments and attributes as the writer thinks appropriate to them. In a word, they are not viewed from within, but rather from the outside, and with somewhat unsympathetic vision.

Dr. William Elliot Griffis has written many excellent books of popular history, and is well-equipped for this work. But it is one thing to write a confessed history, and quite another to write a historical novel, and for the latter task Dr. Griffis does not seem to possess the necessary qualifications, if we may judge by his "Pathfinders of the Revolution." This book deals with Sullivan's expedition, made in 1779, into the country of the Six Nations, an expedition which broke the power of the Iroquois allies of the British, and proved an important factor in the eventual triumph of the Revolutionary cause. The matter of this book is of great interest, and Dr. Griffis has shown himself an accurate student of the subject. But his manner, from the point of view of the art of fiction, is not that of the successful story, and he is obviously out of his element in attempting to write one. A single illustration will suffice to make our meaning clear. A considerable part of the narrative is made up of letters from the actors to their friends at home, and Dr. Griffis thinks nothing of beginning a letter at the end of one chapter, and continuing it into the next. The composition must be seen into equal lengths, no matter what the artistic effect.

*THE LAST REFUGE: A Sicilian Romance. By Henry B. Fuller. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THE EAGLE'S HEART. By Hamlin Garland. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE PATHFINDERS OF THE REVOLUTION. By William E. Griffis. Boston: W. A. Wilde Co.

IN HOSTILE RED: A Romance of the Monmouth Campaign. By J. A. Altsheler. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

WHO GOES THERE? The Story of a Spy in the Civil War. By B. K. Benson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

CRITTENDEN: A Kentucky Story of Love and War. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD YEA-AND-NAY. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE GLORY AND SORROW OF NORWICH. By M. M. Blake. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

KING STORK OF THE NETHERLANDS. By Albert Lee. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

GWYNETT OF THORNHAUGH: A Romance. By Frederic W. Hayes. New York: The F. M. Lupton Publishing Co.

Mr. Altaheler is one of the best of our novelists of American history, but he has done better work than may be found in the book entitled "In Hostile Red." The fact that this is an older and shorter story revamped into a full-sized novel probably accounts for its lack of proportion, and its extremely uneven quality. It is a story of the Monmouth Campaign and the operations in and about Philadelphia just before the retirement of Sir William Howe. The central situation is rather effective. Two young Continental officers, having captured two recently-arrived Englishmen, are led by a reckless impulse to assume the clothes and the characters of their captives. Thus transformed, they make their way into Philadelphia, and live for some days hand in glove with the British officers. At the end they make a clean breast of the affair, and are sent back by Howe, who is satisfied that they are not spies in the ordinary sense. When they interview General Washington on their return, they do not get off so easily, and spend the following night under guard, with the pleasant anticipation of being shot at daybreak. Having had their scare, which is richly deserved, they are given their liberty. The love interest of the novel is supplied by the daughter of a Philadelphia merchant, a young woman who pretends to be a royalist, but is at heart a patriot, and, as such, more than once instrumental in helping the Continental forces to carry out their plans.

"Who Goes There?" by Mr. B. K. Benson, is the story of a spy in the serious sense, and the time is that of the earlier period of the Civil War. The hero is a young man who suffers occasional lapses of memory, which may last for months or years. One of these attacks comes upon him when he is within the Confederate lines, and, as a consequence, forgetting that he is a Union soldier, his recollections revert to the time of his boyhood, which had been passed at school in a Southern city. He fights for a time in the ranks of his new-found friends, when accident restores him to his Northern comrades and to the memories that had failed him. The psychological part of this study is rather clumsily managed as a whole, although it becomes effective when it deals with the mental struggles of the hero to reinstate the section of conscious memory which he dimly feels to be missing, but to which no clue seems obtainable. The fighting part of the story is given up to a great deal of the minute detail of skirmishing, and of battle-incidents as they appear to the individual participant; there are no broad effects, and there are no episodes of absorbing interest.

The fourth American war story on our list is the "Crittenden" of Mr. John Fox, Jr. Here, at last, is a book written in the spirit of art — not a great book, by any means, but a pleasant one, and displaying a talent for literature that sets it upon a far higher plane than any of the three previously mentioned. It is strictly up-to-date in its theme,

being concerned with the war in Cuba, and having the San Juan charge for its culminating episode. It takes the popular view of that war and its heroes, a view which the author evidently holds in all sincerity, but which is possible only when we shut our eyes to the mad passion which brought the war upon us, and to the sinister administrative influences that shaped its developments. If we knew nothing of these things, we should be carried away by the fine enthusiasm of the book, besides being captivated by its tender poetic sentiment. It is probably as wholesome a book as could be made out of the material offered by our unfortunate war with Spain.

"Richard Yea-and-Nay" is a work of fiction that seems in strange company when grouped with the artificial productions of current romance. It is a book of flesh-and-blood, a book of marvellous insight into a vanished historical period, a book of creative imagination in a very high sense, a book which possesses such distinction of style as few modern writers have at their command. The judgment which has prompted so sound a critic as Mr. Frederic Harrison to single this book out as pre-eminent among all the writings of the past year is hardly to be disputed, and those who come under the spell of Mr. Hewlett's vivid pages must feel that they are in the presence of veritable genius. It is not too much to say that the figure of Cœur-de-Lion is now made for the first time a real presence in the world of romantic reconstruction of the past, a saying ventured with all due reverence to the memory of Scott, and of such lesser story-tellers as have attempted to deal with this complex and fascinating personality. And what we may say of Richard may be said with almost equal truth concerning John and Henry the father of both, concerning the fair Jehane and Berengaria of Navarre, and Bertrand de Born, and a host of other personages. It was the troubadour just mentioned who fixed upon Richard the name that serves Mr. Hewlett as a title for his work, and the strange self-contradictions exhibited by that masterful ruler are portrayed with a power that almost places this book in a class by itself. The archaic and incisive character of Mr. Hewlett's diction is in itself a triumph of art, and the art is one so difficult that it comes as a sort of shock to the reader of easy conventional romance. One thing is clear: this is no book to be skimmed, but one to be read word for word, and deeply pondered at that, if the reader wish to possess himself fully of its import.

Thin indeed, and hopelessly unreal, in comparison with Mr. Hewlett's extraordinary production, seems such a book as Mr. M. M. Blake's "The Glory and Sorrow of Norwich," which is yet a fair example of its class, and not so bad a romance after all. We would not make it suffer unduly by setting it in this unfair juxtaposition, and hasten to say that the generality of those who read historical fiction for their entertainment will be likely to find their satisfactory account in this tale of the days of

the third Edward, the French wars, and the Black Death.

Mr. Albert Lee, who wrote "The Key of the Holy House," has again taken a theme from the history of the Dutch uprising against the Spanish oppressor, and produced, in "King Stork of the Netherlands," a historical novel of more than usual interest and merit. King Stork is, of course, the Duke of Anjou, whom the great Prince trusted with such unfortunate consequences, and the story deals with Spanish intrigue, and the deeds of the familiars, and the exploits of the beggars, all deftly interwoven with the private romance which gives unity to the story. But we feel all the while that the real hero is William of Orange, and when that heroic leader at last becomes the victim of the assassin — foiled so many times — we care little for the outcome of the book as far as the other characters are concerned.

When we reviewed "A Kent Squire," by Mr. Frederic W. Hayes, a few months ago, we complained that the romance had been hurried to a conclusion without resolving half of the perplexities in which the plot had become involved. It seems that our judgment was over-hasty, for the author never really meant to leave us thus unsatisfied, as is now evidenced by his "Gwynett of Thornhaugh." This romance takes up the threads that were dropped in the earlier volume, and proves a worthy successor to that fascinating production. Its period is the year or two following the death of the Roi Soleil, and it deals, among other material, with the Jacobite rising of 1715, the last impotent efforts of Marlborough to turn traitor, and the whole web of intrigue that characterized the early years of the Regency. The scene is mostly in France, and the adventures of Ambrose Gwynett are quite as surprising as "A Kent Squire" would naturally lead us to expect. The Regent himself, however, is the most interesting figure of all, and is presented to us in a more favorable light than history would seem to warrant. The suggestion may seem far-fetched, but we have been more than once reminded by him of the use which Mr. Sienkiewicz makes of the figure of Petronius in "Quo Vadis." That is, he says most of the good things, and is the most attractive of the characters presented. It has seemed to us fair to say that this novel, taken together with its predecessor, comes nearer than almost any other English product has done to reproducing the characteristic charm of the romances of Alexandre Dumas. There is the same brilliancy of invention, the same intimate familiarity with the public and private life of the period concerned, and, we regret to add, the same readiness to resort to illegitimate sensational devices. Mr. Hayes had no need of endowing his hero with quasi-miraculous powers; he would have been interesting enough without them. As for the episode of the *messe noire*, we can only say that the gressome picture offered is only in part atoned for by the striking manner of the presentation. WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

American expansion, and American leaders.

Two historical works intended for popular reading and instruction have been written by Mr. Edwin Erle Sparks, associate professor of history in the University of Chicago. One of these is given the timely name of "The Expansion of the American People, Social and Territorial" (Scott, Foresman & Co.), and is a dispassionate account of the extension of the English-speaking people over the North American continent, a preliminary chapter or two introducing the more specific questions relating to the United States. In the modern manner, Dr. Sparks refrains for the most part from philosophizing. What philosophy is to be gained from the book is hardly that peculiar form of pessimism which has been masquerading recently under the phrase, "the higher morality," but it is of the sort which will give comfort to the advocates of that persuasion. In the later chapters of his book, those dealing with the recent assumptions by the American Government of the policies of Europe, Dr. Sparks sees only obedience to laws which have, throughout history, governed the conduct and decay of nations. Judging the future by the past, he even prophesies the retention of Cuba as a part of the territory under the American flag, with other dependencies to be governed in the European manner, while the United States lays off her garment of national righteousness for the uniform of the soldier and the acceptance of the title "world power" in the continental sense. "We cannot escape it," writes the historian, "because we have no desire to escape it." — The other book from this same hand is styled "The Men Who Made the Nation" (Macmillan), and is a history in the more usual sense. The name given the book is slightly misleading. The various chapters bear each the name of the leading American of one specific period. It is natural to think each chapter, therefore, an essay upon the individual whose name it bears. Rather is the work a homogeneous whole, beginning with the voyages of Benjamin Franklin to England as the agent of the American colonies and ending with the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the name at the head of each chapter serving as a means of identifying the precise era. The numerous illustrations in both volumes are appropriate and interesting.

The closing years of the 19th century.

During the years from 1891 to 1897 Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer gave to the public six ample volumes on the history of the different nations of Europe during the nineteenth century. The volumes were reviewed at length in our columns, and a favorable judgment was pronounced upon them as being of much interest and usefulness to the general reading public. Mrs. Latimer makes no pretensions to historical research and disclaims technical training. But through a long life she has mingled in the best social circles of Europe, and has thus been able to

tell the story of Europe during the century largely from the inside, and with the grace that comes from such social experience. She has now issued a volume made up of supplements to these books, with the title "The Last Years of the Nineteenth Century" (McClurg). From the nature of her task the author has not been able to invest these brief supplements with the charm of the original chatty volumes. They have been compiled from newspapers and magazines, and from the notebooks of Richard Harding Davis, G. W. Steevens, and others, thus lacking freshness as well as the personal element. The volume is, however, of value for reference where the facts are undisputed, and some parts of it are full of interest for the story they tell, especially the account of Lord Kitchener's Soudan campaign. There is quite a complete narrative of the Boer war. Altogether, the book is a valuable one, and we are glad Mrs. Latimer has added it to her series.

*Sketches of
two Presidents.*

Two more of the compact, pleasant little "Beacon Biographies" (Small, Maynard & Co.) are at hand, one dealing with Thomas Jefferson, from the pen of the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, of Georgia, and the other with Ulysses S. Grant, written by Mr. Owen Wister. Mr. Watson writes a readable book, but from the outset seems burdened with the thought that his space will not avail for a proper treatment of his subject. He avoids controversy, and in doing so fails also to present Jefferson as the greatest original political philosopher this country has ever produced. "I have no space," Mr. Watson remarks in his preface, "for his speculative opinions, for his political theories, for his daring suggestions in science, mechanical arts, education, and state socialism." The collectivists have been saying that if Jefferson were alive to-day he would be of their number. Mr. Watson here goes further, and his own views being well known, it seems a pity that he could not have hinted somewhere what it is in the great individualist's writings that gives support to "state socialism." There seems to be a certain lack of sympathy throughout the narrative. But the intention to be wholly fair and impartial is also manifest, and nothing before the people to-day contains so much worth reading in as little room, so far as Jefferson is concerned. To devotees of the leader of the Northern armies, General Grant, Mr. Wister's book will doubtless seem lacking in sympathy as well. To lovers of mankind it will be a treasure, and the biographer has done an honest and a daring thing in telling the truth. He gives the real reason why Grant left the army before the war, and shows him as he was in Galena in 1860, a man without a future and on the downward grade in fortune. From that to the presidency, where fortune did not smile upon him, traversing in the meantime the heights of military glory, and subsequently receiving the homage of the world in his extended tour, thence to his pitiful failure as a

financier and his partial triumph over death in completing his wonderful memoirs, Grant's career is eminently human, and can gain nothing by concealment of the obvious facts. Both of the small volumes are carefully printed and bound, characteristic portraits of their subjects serving as frontispieces.

To that interesting series of biographies known as "Masters of Medicine" (Longmans), Dr. Joseph Frank Payne now adds the life of Thomas Sydenham. Dr. Payne prepared the article in the Dictionary of National Biography on this eminent seventeenth century leech and warrior, and the present volume is an expansion of that article, much more in detail and adding many documents complete from which insight into the life of the physician and his times can be gained. The times, indeed, were interesting, and few did more to make them so than the Sydenhams. They were frankly on the side of the Parliament, and Thomas left Oxford before graduation in order to take part in the border warfare then waging in his native county of Dorset. Later the field of revolt broadened and the exertions of the Sydenhams with it. Of this family, five brothers served on the independent side, Colonel William, Major Francis, Major John, and Captain Richard, the latter in a civil capacity, ranging themselves with Thomas Sydenham, — who himself gained the rank of captain, a fact which Dr. Payne has been among the first to bring to the world's attention. With this goes the further fact of service in the second war, after a time spent in the rehabilitation of Oxford. The wars over, the trooper went to his study of medicine in Montpellier, and thence to London, where he accumulated an excellent practice and, in good part, prepared those treatises on disease which have gained him the world's esteem. The book is in every way a worthy one.

*Manners and
customs of
old London.*

In his recent volume, "London Memories" (Lippincott), Mr. Charles W. Heckethorn is not quite so happy as in his preceding book noticed last year in these columns, "London Souvenirs." It is, perhaps, as full of valuable information not easily accessible elsewhere, and it has the distinct advantage of a good index; but the subject matter has not so much living interest, since it is less a transcript of life, and houses and bridges and priories figure in it more than men and women. Some of the chapters are, "Horror of Old London Executions," "Old London Hermitages," "London's Immortal Animals," and "Wells and Springs in Old London," titles sufficiently suggestive of the character of the book. Mr. Heckethorn has collected a great deal of matter of curious interest and presents it pleasantly, although perhaps at times his style has too much the air of colloquial carelessness. For the student of manners and customs it will be of real value, and the general reader will find in it much to surprise him as well as much to give him occasion for reflection, so great

a change have a hundred years made in our ways of thinking and doing. Especially interesting and valuable is the concluding chapter, "The River Thames," touching, as it does, upon so much of the living history of the metropolis of the world.

London, Paris, and Berlin.

The brilliant author of "With Kitchener to Khartum," George W. Steevens, succumbed to fever in the siege of Ladysmith. Among his posthumous papers and some of his "Daily Mail" correspondence, he left some racy writing descriptive of three great peoples as represented in their capital cities. "Glimpses of Three Nations" (Dodd) is the title of a volume on London, Paris, and Berlin. The hundred pages devoted to the great world centre are brimful of information about London as a hustling, bustling commercial city. One can almost walk the streets and see over again the crowded thoroughfares, hear the confused roar of the vehicles, and experience the unparalleled prevalence of dirt. The English people, however, almost entirely escape characterization. Paris, on the other hand, is described in a characterization of its people. The boulevards, cafés, and races, are depicted in the manifold and multiplex French character, who frequent such places. The author went about with eyes and ears open, and with rare skill describes just what he saw and heard in the great French capital. Berlin receives slight attention, but the German people, and especially the army, come in for liberal treatment. Precision, plenty of time, and authority, seemed to him to be about the most striking traits of Germany. The Kaiser's army impressed him as the best organized and the most formidable among the nations of the earth. He was apparently awe-stricken thereby, and sounds a note of warning to England. Though somewhat scrappy at times these glimpses are good reading.

A pleasing story of a quiet life.

A touching account of filial piety pervades Miss Beatrice Marshall's modest biographical sketch of her mother, Emma Marshall (E. P. Dutton & Co.), a popular and wholesome writer in the *genre* of domestic fiction, whose two hundred or so volumes afford a purer and saner form of enjoyment than the more highly spiced wares which the popular taste now asks for. In more than one regard Mrs. Marshall's placid and uneventful, yet in its gentle way strenuous and earnest life, recalls Mrs. Oliphant's. It was the lot of both these excellent women and devoted mothers to ply unceasingly the laboring oar in behalf of their loved ones; both toiled on with unflagging cheerfulness to the end. Happily, public appreciation of the fruit of their efforts was not lacking; so that in both cases one is spared the painful record of actual privations and hope deferred. Mrs. Marshall's life was mostly spent in the cool seclusion of cathedral cities, in the shadow of their reposeful minsters, and within the sound of the chimes which one seems to hear echo-

ing from the pages of the books in which she mirrors the life in these "pleasant places" where the spirit of an age more devout than ours still broods. The author has divided her narrative under the chapter-headings Norwich, Wells, Exeter, Gloucester, Bristol — each chapter thus embracing the period spent by Mrs. Marshall in the town indicated. In fine, the volume is a readable one in its unpretentious kind, engagingly written, and strewn with letters not uninteresting in themselves and worth preserving for the sake of the signatures they bear. The pleasing illustrations call for special notice.

Life in the merchant service.

We do not know if youths nowadays, even in the sea-board towns, are so commonly bitten with the yearning to "go to sea" as were youths of a half-century or less ago. But to those who are so bitten we can honestly recommend Mr. Frank T. Bullen's little book entitled "The Men of the Merchant Service" (Stokes) as precisely the one for them to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest, before setting foot on the first ratline of the arduous ascent to maritime prosperity. Mr. Bullen has aimed to supply the want of a comprehensive, readable, and so far as possible untechnical account of the conditions of life in the Merchant Service, to which the boy who means to go to sea, or who thinks he might possibly like to go to sea if only he could get a fair notion of what sea-faring is like beforehand, may turn with confidence; and Mr. Bullen has succeeded, as usual. Conditions on steamships and sailing-ships (Mr. Bullen confesses to a pardonable predilection for the "wind-jammer"), on "tramps" and on liners, the duties and qualifications of Masters, Mates, Bos'uns, Carpenters, Sailmakers, Stewards, Cooks, Able and Ordinary Seamen, Engineers, "Boys" — the entire *personale* of the merchantman, in short, are discussed in detail, and with the authority of ample experience. Mr. Bullen writes most interestingly, and his book stops a gap in sea literature.

A book of whales.

No better title could have been found for Mr. F. A. Beddard's really erudite work than "A Book of Whales" (Putnam). Not only is it all it asserts itself to be, but it is the first book in the English language devoted exclusively to a popular account of these large, useful, and good-natured beasts. Mr. Beddard is convinced that the biggest of the existing species of whales, Sibbald's rorqual, is the largest living creature of which the earth has record, not even the Jurassic period with its wealth of monstrous reptiles having any brute transcending it. While the work is sufficiently technical, it is not without much interest from a purely popular point of view. A section devoted to the blood-thirsty grampus, which fearlessly attacks its larger cousins, has some of the fascination of Hugo's story of the big squid. It is interesting, too, to read

that evolution seems to point to the ancestral or potential whale as being akin to the armor-clad armadillo or pichiciago, possibly through the glyptodonts. As a whole the book is clearly written, and it is a worthy addition to the "Progressive Science Series," of which its author is the general editor.

Some of the great battles of the world.

"The Red Badge of Courage" established the reputation of the author of "Great Battles of the World"

(Lippincott). Stephen Crane's vigorous pen pursued a brief but notable career. It is therefore with the greater interest that we examine the content of the present volume. Nine great battles are described with more or less detail. They are Bunker Hill, Vittoria, the Siege of Plevna, the Storming of Burkersdorf Heights, Leipsig, Lutzen, the Storming of Badajos, the brief Campaign against New Orleans, and the Battle of Salferino. But it is with a sense of disappointment that we lay down the book. The author in most of the cases is not the same vivid portrayer of events that we have been accustomed to see in his other works. There is a kind of unevenness in the style, almost a lack of energy in places, that grows wearisome. But in a few cases, as those connected with the Swedish Campaign, and the battles of Leipsig and Lutzen, there is more wholesouledness and movement that grips the reader and carries him on to the end. This posthumous work will not increase its author's reputation, but it is a treasure to his friends because it embodies some of Crane's last literary work.

An argument for peace as against war.

After an argument between Brain and Brawn extending through the pages of Mr. James H. MacLaren's "Put up Thy Sword" (Revell), the author decides, somewhat obviously, in favor of peace as against war. That such a demonstration should be necessary at the beginning of the twentieth century is, perhaps, the most remarkable thing about the book. All the ground has been thoroughly threshed over by the wise in former ages, all the pleas for war as a development of character have been answered by the statement, attributed to President David S. Jordan, that all America's wars then should be civil wars, in order to give ourselves the entire good of them; and the whole matter seemed settled in the estimation of thoughtful men and women long ago. But the appearance of this compact little volume makes it apparent that there is still demand enough for a knowledge of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule to warrant its publication.

Lessons in rational comfort.

A sensible and timely plea away from the "strenuous life" to one of common sense makes up Mrs. Mary Perry King's "Comfort and Exercise" (Small, Maynard & Co.). The lesson that so many Americans need far more than they do a gospel of nervous prostration and paresis is one of rational comfort, whether in education, at work, for the home, in

dress, or during the time for exercise. Each of these topics forms a chapter of this pleasantly written book; and it seems certain that our civilization would be advanced by the adoption of many of Mrs. King's suggestions, even to the point of toeing straight ahead instead of toeing out. The best of the teaching in the book goes to prove that comfort and money are not necessarily synonymous terms, — a fact which makes all reform in our national habits possible if it can ever be realized.

A readable sketch of Eton College.

"Eton" (Macmillan), by Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, is a compendious but readable historical and descriptive account of the famous school where Udall and Keate flogged, and Shelley mused, and which Gray celebrated in a poem that Dr. Johnson disparaged. This is the third volume in the "Great Public Schools" series, the object of which is to give a brief yet for the general reader satisfactory account of these schools as they are to-day. Mr. Clutton-Brock outlines in his opening chapters what it is essential to know of Eton's historic past; but his space is mainly devoted to describing the present buildings, studies, usages, etiquette, sports, and so on. The forty-six photographic plates are fairly good in their kind.

BRIEFER MENTION.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster has her own audience, gained by many years of careful, thoughtful work. Her "Winsome Womanhood" (Revell) carries on the work with which her name has been associated, being addressed to women of all ages from fifteen years onward to the point where, her work as wife and mother done, she is "waiting for the angels." Photographs of great beauty and artistic posing from the faces and figures of beautiful women and girls add to the attractiveness of the book, which is one of much spiritual significance.

The sentiments contained in Mr. Austin Bierbower's "How to Succeed" (Fenno) do him every credit, and the world would be a happier, a better, and a wiser place if it should adopt them literally. While lacking any striking originality, the book is based on the fundamental moralities of the existing world rather than on the teachings of Jesus, which contain too lofty an ideal, seemingly, to be "practical." It would be hard to imagine a book based on the certain knowledge that the rich have no more chance in the Kingdom than the camel has to pass through the eye of a needle, with the unavoidable inference that riches are to be shunned as Heaven is to be sought!

The Baltimore "Sun" is planning to make a somewhat more elaborate feature of its literary criticism than is usual with daily newspapers. Beginning this month, it will have a page or more of such matter every week, under the editorship of Dr. Guy Carleton Lee, of the Johns Hopkins University, with the collaboration of many writers from the various colleges of the country. This is the way in which the thing ought to be done, and we wish that other journals would follow so excellent an example.

NOTES.

"A Shorter Course in Munson Phonography," by Mr. James E. Munson, is a recent publication of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"An Elementary Grammar of the Spanish Language" and "An Elementary Spanish Reader," both the work of Mr. L. A. Loiseau, have just been published by Messrs. Silver, Burdett & Co.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. publish "A School Grammar of the English Language," by Professor Edward A. Allen. It is an excellent book, prepared by a man who is both a sound scholar and an experienced teacher.

Herr Heyse's "Das Mädchen von Treppi" (Heath), edited by Professor Edward S. Joynes, and Herr Heinrich Seidel's "Wintermärchen" (Holt), edited by Dr. Corinthe Le Due Crook, are German texts recently published.

Volume IV. of "The Letters of Cicero," in Mr. Evelyn S. Shuckburgh's translation, has just been published by the Messrs. Macmillan as a number in the "Bohn Libraries," for which they are the agents in America.

The Macmillan Co. publish "Miscellanies," by Edward FitzGerald, as a "Golden Treasury" volume. Most of the matter has been reprinted before, but there are a few additions, and we are glad to have "Euphrator" and the other things in this convenient form.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburg send us a "Graded and Annotated Catalogue of Books in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg for the use of the City Schools." It is a most helpful publication, and other large city libraries would do well to imitate the example thus set for them.

The Oxford edition of "La Divina Commedia," published by Mr. Enrico Frowde, contains no word of English. It gives us Dr. Moore's text and Mr. Paget Toynbee's index of proper names, all in a beautifully-printed and tastefully-bound volume at a moderate price.

The Macmillan Co. publish new editions of "The Prairie" and "The Pathfinder," in volumes having a semi-holiday appearance, with illustrations by Mr. Charles E. Brook. We are not informed as to whether these two books are the advance guard of a complete Cooper, or merely sporadic issues.

That old-time favorite, Sir George Webbe Dasent's translation of "The Story of Burnt Njal," has been reproduced by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. in an attractive edition, which, we regret to say, omits the maps and plans, the appendices and index, and has even cut down the preface to much less than its original dimensions.

"Cinq Scènes de la Comédie Humaine" (Heath), edited by Dr. B. W. Wells; Lamartine's "Graziella" (Heath), edited by Professor F. M. Warren; Corneille's "Nicomède" (Macmillan), edited by Professor James A. Harrison; and M. André Theuriot's "La Sainte-Catherine" (Jenkins), unedited, are the latest French texts for school use received by us.

The American Book Co. publish "The Elements of Latin," by President W. R. Harper and Mr. Isaac B. Burgess. The same publishers send us other textbooks, as follows: "Outlines of Roman History," by Dr. William C. Morey; a revised edition of the "Manual of the Constitution of the United States," prepared a quarter of a century ago by Israel Ward Andrews,

and now brought up to date by Mr. Homer Morris; and an abridgment of the "Madame Thérèse of Erckmann-Chatrian," edited by Mr. C. Fontaine.

"Abraham Lincoln: His Book," just published by Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Co., is a facsimile reproduction of a small leather-covered memorandum book owned by Lincoln during the campaign of 1858. It reproduces both the newspaper clippings and the autograph notes which the owner put into it, and constitutes a curious and interesting souvenir of the great President.

"Who's Who" for 1901 appears with commendable promptitude, and is supplied in this country by the Macmillan Co. It is indispensable as a book of reference concerning living Englishmen, and a sprinkling of American names gives it some degree of special usefulness on our side of the Atlantic. But this feature does not make our own "Who's Who in America" any the less indispensable.

With close attention to the words and rhythms of the original, and an almost exact reproduction of the rhymes, Mr. J. M. Morrison has translated "The Poems of Leopardi," into acceptable English. Only three of the thirty-four "Canti" are omitted from this version, which is to be commended for its faithfulness to the text, and for the not infrequent felicities of its diction. Messrs. Gay & Bird, London, are the publishers.

The second volume of Mr. Samuel Albert Link's "Pioneers of Southern Literature," published by Messrs. Barbee & Smith, Nashville, deals with various war poets, humorists, and political writers, and with one great singer. The chapter on Poe will naturally attract the most attention, but the other chapters are the more valuable for students of our literature, merely because they present much information not easily accessible elsewhere.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 92 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

HISTORY.

- The Constitutional History of the United States, 1763-1895. By Francis Newton Thorpe. In 3 vols., 8vo, gilt tops. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. \$7.50 net.
- The Times History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1900. Edited by L. S. Amery. Vol. I., illus. in photo-gravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 392. Charles Scribner's Sons. Sold only in sets of 5 vols., \$25. net.
- History and General Description of New France. By Rev. P. F. X. De Charlevoix, S.J.; trans. from the original edition, and edited, with notes, by Dr. John Gilmory Shea; with new memoir and bibliography of the translator by Noah Farnham Morrison. Vol. I., with steel portraits and maps, 4to, uncut, pp. 286. New York: Francis P. Harper. Sold only in sets of 6 vols., \$18. net.
- The French Monarchy (1483-1789). By A. J. Grant, M.A. In 2 vols., 12mo, uncut. "Cambridge Historical Series." Macmillan Co. \$2.25 net.
- Operations of General Gurko's Advance Guard in 1877. By Colonel Epanchin; trans. by H. Havelock. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 310. "Wolsley Series." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.50.
- American History Told by Contemporaries. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Vol. III., National Expansion, 1783-1845. 8vo, pp. 668. Macmillan Co. \$2.
- Canada under British Rule, 1760-1900. By Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G. With maps, 12mo, uncut, pp. 346. "Cambridge Historical Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.
- An Essay on Western Civilization in its Economic Aspects (Medieval and Modern Times). By W. Cunningham, D.D. 12mo, uncut, pp. 300. "Cambridge Historical Series." Macmillan Co. \$1.25 net.

BIOGRAPHY.

- Lord Monboddo and Some of his Contemporaries. By William Knight, LL.D. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, uncut, pp. 314. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.
- Philip Vickers Fithian: Journal and Letters, 1767-1774. Edited for the Princeton Historical Association by John Rogers Williams. Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 320. Princeton University Library. \$3. net.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- A History of Chinese Literature. By Herbert A. Giles, M.A. 12mo, pp. 448. "Literatures of the World." D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.
- English Satires. With Introduction by Oliphant Smeaton. 12mo, uncut, pp. 298. "Warwick Library of English Literature." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.
- Abraham Lincoln, His Book: A Facsimile Reproduction of the Original. With Explanatory Note by J. McCan Davis. 32mo. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1. net.
- Die Griechische Tragödie im Lichte der Vasenmalerei. Von John H. Huddleston; neu durchgesehene Ausgabe übersetzt von Maria Henze. Illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 215. Freiburg i. Br.: Friedrich Ernst Fehsenfeld. Paper.
- The Story of Burnt Njal. From the Icelandic of the Njals Saga. By the late Sir George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 333. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.
- The Poems ('Canti') of Leopardi. Done into English by J. M. Morrison, M.A. 16mo, uncut, pp. 140. London: Gay & Bird.
- The Art of Translating. With special reference to Cauer's "Die Kunst des Uebersetzens." By Herbert Cushing Tolman, Ph.D. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 79. Benj. H. Sanborn & Co. 70 cts. net.
- Pioneers of Southern Literature. By Samuel Albert Link. Vol. II., 16mo, pp. 225. Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith. 75 cts.
- Spoil of the North Wind: Poetical Tributes to Omar Khayyam. Collected by Edward Martin Moore. 12mo, uncut, pp. 91. Chicago: Blue Sky Press. \$1.
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